ECLIPSE

MIRACLEMAN

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WHEN GODS CRY WAR...

by ALAN MOORE
and GARRY LEACH

MIRACLEMAN

BOOK ONE CHAPTER 5

DRAGONS

BY ALAN MOORE & GARRY LEACH

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WERE THREE HEROES.

THEY KNEW MAGIC WORDS, THEY DID GOOD DEEDS, AND THEY KILLED ALL THE MONSTERS AND DRAGONS ... THEY WERE LIVING HAPPILY EVER AFTER WHEN ONE OF THEM DIED. HIS NAME WAS YOUNG MIRACLEMAN AND HE DIED BY FIRE. ONE UP TO THE DRAGONS.

THE SECOND HERO WAS CALLED MIRACLEMAN. HE CAME THROUGH THE FIRE, BUT IT MADE HIM FORGET HE WAS A HERO. HE MARRIED, AND LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER ...

M-MIKE HE ISN'T FALLING! WHY, MIKE?

UNTIL YESTERDAY. YESTERDAY HE REMEMBERED THAT HE WAS A HERO. BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL TODAY THAT HE REMEMBERED ABOUT THE DRAGONS ...

THE THIRD HERO WAS ONLY A LITTLE BOY. HE WAS CALLED KID MIRACLEMAN AND HE WAS VERY POWERFUL. WITHOUT THE OTHER TWO HEROES TO BOTHER HIM, HE COULD DO WHATEVER HE LIKED...

WHY ISN'T HE FALLING??

HE GREW UP. HE GREW UP INTO A DRAGON.

KATAAWSSH!

W-WHY??

GET OUT, LIZ. GET OUT THE BUILDING. GET OUT THE AREA! NOW, LIZ!!

... AND SHE RUNS. LIZ MORAN IS A BRAVE WOMAN, AND SHE LOVES HER HUSBAND VERY MUCH. BUT SHE IS ONLY HUMAN. SHE RUNS ..

RUN AS FAR AS YOU LIKE, MRS MORAN. I'LL FIND YOU! JUST AS SOON AS I'VE FINISHED KILLING YOUR HUSBAND!

MR. BATES DID YOU...

FOR TO BE HUMAN IS NOT ENOUGH...

...WANT COFFEE
OH...
OH, CHRIST.

WHEN GODS CRY WAR AMIDST THE THUNDER.

YOU DROPPED THE COFFEE, STEPHANIE.

..HUH... HHUH..

HER NAME IS STEPHANIE. SHE LIKES ADAM AND THE ANTS. HER BOYFRIEND'S NAME IS BRIAN.
SHE COLLECTS WEDGEWOOD. HER INSIDES HAVE TURNED TO WATER. SHE IS ONLY HUMAN.

YOU DROPPED THE COFFEE!

HE LOOKS AT THE CHARRED AND PULVERISED THING THAT HAD MET THE GAZE OF A DRAGON. HE WANTS TO VOMIT.

AND HE THINKS, "THAT COULD HAVE BEEN LIZ."

HE LOOKS AT THE TIGER-SMILE AND THE DRAGON EYES OF THE THING THAT HAD ONCE BEEN A BOY CALLED JOHNNY BATES. HE WANTS TO VOMIT.

AND HE THINKS, "THAT COULD HAVE BEEN ME!"

WHY, JOHN? SHE HADN'T DONE ANYTHING...

JESUS CHRIST, WHY?

JUST TO SHOW YOU THAT I DON'T MIND DOING THAT SORT OF THING.

IN FACT, I QUITE ENJOY IT.

THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO DO TO YOUR WIFE.

...KIMOTA.

SKRRSSHH!!

WELL, WELL... THE OLD MAN'S SAID HIS MAGIC WORD AND TURNED INTO THE BIG BLUE BANANA. DO YOU THINK YOU'RE **SAFE** NOW, OLD MAN?

YOU HAVEN'T GOT IT, HAVE YOU? YOU WERE ONLY A SUPERHUMAN FOR NINE YEARS. I'VE BEEN ONE FOR THE PAST TWENTY FIVE. I'M STRONGER. I CAN DO THINGS YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE...

HURRRUNGH

YAAAAAAAAA!!

ZZZAAATTT!

I CAN **HURT** YOU!

IT'S SUPERMAN! MUM, LOOK... IT'S SUPERMAN!! HE'S USING HIS X-RAY VISION!! YOU SAID HE WASN'T REAL!! HEY! ARE YOU SUPERMAN? I'M WAYNE. I THOUGHT YOUR FILM WAS GREAT!

WAYNE!!

GGGAAAAAA...

CAN YOU FLY?

WHY **YES**, WAYNE, I'M SUPERMAN. I **CAN** FLY. WOULD **YOU** LIKE TO FLY, WAYNE?

UH, WELL, I DON'T... YOU SEE MY MUM...

OH MY GOD... THAT CHILD...

HE ISN'T GOING TO...

COME ON, WAYNE. MUM WON'T MIND. SHE KNOWS YOU'RE SAFE WITH SUPERMAN.

UP... UP...

HUHH...

HE **IS**!

...AND AWAAAAY !!

...WAYNE...

HE'S HEADING TOWARDS THAT WALL! I'VE GOT TO...

BROOFF!

DONE IT !

HE'S ALRIGHT. I CAUGHT HIM. I THINK I MIGHT HAVE BROKEN A COUPLE OF HIS RIBS... THE SPEED HE WAS TRAVELLING, YOU SEE. I COULDN'T...UH...

...I'M SORRY... I COULDN'T HELP IT... I-IT WAS THE SPEED...

GIVE HIM TO ME, YOU BLOODY MONSTER!!

KOTH ROLE

WAYNE. OH GOD, OH LOVE, WAYNE...

THRAAK

OH GOD. HE KNOCKED ME INTO THE SKY. HOW DID HE GET TO BE SO **STRONG**.?? WHY IS HE DOING THIS ? WHY HAS HE GROWN UP WHILE MIRACLEMAN HASN'T AGED? THIS IS ALL TOO FAST. I NEED TIME TO THINK...

NO GOOD. HE'S COMING AFTER ME!

MAYBE IF I HIDE IN THIS CLOUD BANK I CAN BUY MYSELF SOME TIME.

CAN'T FIGHT HIM YET, I'M..

...I'M AFRAID OF HIM!

SCARED, MORAN? SURELY NOT. SURELY THE BIG STRONG SUPERHERO ISN'T SCARED OF THE LITTLE KID HE USED TO PUSH AROUND AND PATRONISE?

ITS NO GOOD HIDING, OLD MAN. I TOLD YOU... I'M STRONGER NOW. I CAN DO THINGS THAT YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE.

HE CONCENTRATES. POSITIVE IONS BEGIN TO BUILD IN THE SWIRLING BLACKNESS ABOUT HIM...

AND NEARBY...

SKIN TINGLING... AURA STARTING TO SPIT AND CRACKLE...

WHAT'S HE DOING??

HE'S BUILDING A THUNDERBOLT...

IT'S GOT YOUR NAME ON IT.

AH, THERE YOU ARE. WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, OLD MAN? SPOT OF AIRSICKNESS?

...NNUNHHHHHH...

THEN ALLOW ME TO ESCORT YOU DOWN!

THRATT!

MACH ONE.

J-JOHNNY...?

THR ATT!

MACH TWO.

BFRUPP!

THRATT

MACH THREE.

A CROW-BLACK SHAPE DROPS FROM THE SEETHING HELL OF THE SKY, DOWN TO THE RIM OF THE STILL-SMOULDERING CRATER...

HE IS READY TO FIGHT AGAIN.

HIS DRAGON EYES PEER THROUGH THE CURTAIN OF DUST, SEARCHING FOR A SIGN OF LIFE, OF SURVIVAL... BUT THERE IS NO SIGN. NONE AT ALL. HE SMILES A TIGER SMILE...

AFTER A WHILE HE TURNS AWAY TO LOOK AT THE CITY SPREAD BEHIND HIM... LONDON, HUDDLED AGAINST THE STINGING RAIN...

HE WONDERS WHAT TO DO NEXT.

END OF CHAPTER 5

THE SKY CRACKS, SHATTERING INTO A THOUSAND BLACK FRAGMENTS. SHE DRIVES, RUNNING THE GAUNTLET OF THE LIGHTNING.

RUNNING FOR HER LIFE.

"GET OUT OF THE BUILDING, LIZ. GET OUT OF THE **AREA!**"

"I'LL FIND YOU, MRS. MORAN. JUST AS SOON AS I'VE FINISHED KILLING YOUR HUSBAND."

SHE DRIVES.

NAME: ELIZABETH MORAN. GENUS: HOMO SAPIEN. A SPECIES WHICH UNTIL YESTERDAY WAS THOUGHT TO BE THE DOMINANT LIFE-FORM ON EARTH.

YESTERDAY SHE LEARNED THAT HER HUSBAND OF SIXTEEN YEARS WAS A SUPERHUMAN. TODAY SHE MET ONE OF HIS OLD FRIENDS. ANOTHER SUPERHUMAN. A BAD ONE. SHE DRIVES...

AND KNOWS, WITH THE FATALISM COMMON TO HER SPECIES THAT NO MATTER HOW MUCH DISTANCE SHE PUTS BETWEEN HERSELF AND THE STALKING HORROR BEHIND HER...

...IT WILL NEVER BE ENOUGH.

MIRACLEMAN

BOOK ONE CHAPTER 6

FALLEN ANGELS, FORGOTTEN THUNDER.

Pencils: ALAN DAVIS Inks: GARRY LEACH COLORS: ROW COURTNEY

M-MIKE ?

I'M AFRAID YOU'VE BEEN A WIDOW FOR THE LAST FIVE MINUTES, MRS MORAN.

MIKES DEAD. POOR OLD MIKE.

HIS OWN FAULT, I'M AFRAID. I'D HAVE BEEN QUITE HAPPY TO ACHIEVE MY ENDS THE CIVILIZED WAY, STEADILY ACCUMULATING FINANCIAL AND POLITICAL POWER.

WHEN I LEARNED THAT YOUR HUSBAND HAD REGAINED HIS POWER I DECIDED TO CALL HIM UP. TO MEET HIM AND SEE HOW MUCH OF A THREAT HE POSED. NOTHING MORE.

BUT POOR OLD MIKE TIPPED MY HAND. SO I KILLED HIM !

INCH BY PAINFUL INCH THE DEAD MAN STAGGERS OUT OF THE UNDERWORLD. HIS BODY IS A SYMPHONY OF SHRIEKING NERVE AND MUSCLE, EACH STEP A FUGUE OF AGONY.

IN A WAY I FIND IT QUITE A RELIEF NOW THAT EVERYBODY KNOWS WHAT I AM. YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW **DEGRADING** I FOUND IT, PRETENDING TO BE HUMAN...

I SUPPOSE I WAS JUST BEING OVER-CAUTIOUS. HIDING MY LIGHT UNDER A BUSHEL, AS IT WERE. BUT NO MORE, MRS. MORAN. NO MORE.

ONLY HIS MIND IS CALM, STILLED BY THE WHITE HOT SILENCE OF BLOODY RESOLVE. THE DEAD MAN HAS UNFINISHED BUSINESS IN THE LAND OF THE LIVING...

I'M GOING TO DO IT, YOU SEE, WHERE ALL OF THEM FAILED. LIKE THAT PATHETIC GERMAN CLOWN.. A STUNTED SYPHILITIC PROCLAIMING THE DOCTRINE OF THE SUPERMAN.

POOR ADOLPH. HE HAD NO IDEA. THE **REAL** ERA OF THE OVERMAN STARTS HERE, MRS. MORAN. HOW SAD THAT YOU WON'T LIVE TO SEE IT...

OH GOD NO, PLEASE...

BATES...

LEAVE HER ALONE!

THERE IS A MOMENT OF CRYSTALLINE SILENCE. THE STORM HOLDS IT'S BREATH.

AND SO IT BEGINS...

THEY WERE FRIENDS ONCE, THESE CREATURES OF NEAR UNIMAGINABLE POWER. NOW, HORNS LOCKED, THEY FIGHT TO THE DEATH IN THE POUNDING RAIN.

WWOCC!

THERE IS PASSION HERE, BUT NOT HUMAN PASSION. THERE IS FIERCE AND DESPERATE EMOTION, BUT NOT AN EMOTION THAT WE WOULD RECOGNIZE...

THEY ARE TITANS, AND WE WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND THE ALIEN INFERNO THAT BLAZES IN THE FURNACE OF THEIR SOULS.

WE ARE ONLY HUMAN.

WE WILL NEVER GRASP THEIR HOPES, THEIR DESPAIR. NEVER COMPREHEND THE BLISTERING RAGE THAT INFORMS EACH DEVASTATING BLOW...

WE WILL NEVER KNOW THE DESTINY THAT HOWLS IN THEIR HEARTS, NEVER KNOW THEIR PAIN, THEIR LOVE, THEIR ALMOST SEXUAL HATRED...

...AND PERHAPS WE WILL BE THE **LESS** FOR THAT.

BLOODY NORA! WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON HERE?

CHRIST ON A BIKE! I THINK THIS IS WHAT THEY CALL A CLOSE ENCOUNTER.

ARE YOU GOING TO ASK THEM TO COME ALONG QUIETLY?

SOD OFF!

YEAH. RIGHT.

I'M GETTING ON TO H.Q. THEY MIGHT BE PAYING ME TO HANDLE BRIXTON BUT I'M BUGGERED IF THEY'RE PAYING ME TO HANDLE THIS...

AND...

NO. NO, I KNOW DUGGAN'S NOT BEEN DRINKING. YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT. YOURS IS THE TENTH CALL SO FAR. YEAH. BLOODY HELL. MY WORDS PRECISELY. NO. AND IT'S NOT MY JOB EITHER. THIS ONE'S FOR THE COMMISSIONER.

AND...

MY GOD. ALL RIGHT. I WANT THE STREETS CLEARED IMMEDIATELY AND I WANT THE ARMY ALERTED. FAST. AND THEN I WANT THE HOME OFFICE. CODE YELLOW.

AND FIFTY FIVE SECONDS LATER, ON PREMISES OWNED BY AN OBSCURE BRANCH OF AIRFORCE INTELLIGENCE, A YELLOW LIGHT BEGINS TO WINK OMINOUSLY FROM ITS CONSOLE...

IT IS A SIGNAL THAT HAS BEEN ANTICIPATED FOR NEARLY EIGHTEEN YEARS. THE MAN AT THE CONSOLE LISTENS FOR A WHILE, AND THEN CALLS WHITEHALL.

...AND A GENTLEMAN CALLED SIR DENNIS ARCHER SUDDENLY REDISCOVERS A COLD DREAD THAT HE HAD THOUGHT BANISHED TWO DECADES BEFORE.

OH GOD. THEY'RE BACK. THE MONSTERS ARE BACK.

A CAN OF WORMS HAS BEEN OPENED. A CAN OF WORMS CALLED "**PROTECT ZARATHUSTA**," AND EVERY TIME YOU OPEN A CAN OF WORMS...

YES, YOU HEARD! EXTREME SANCTION. I WANT YOU TO SEND FOR **MR. CREAM.**

..YOU NEED A BIGGER CAN TO GET THEM ALL BACK IN.

MEANWHILE...

BBDUDDFFF!

OH GOD! I CAN'T FIGHT HIM. HE'S GOING TO TRAMPLE OVER ME, OVER LIZ, OVER THE WORLD AND I CAN'T FIGHT HIM !!

HE'S TOO STRONG...

HHUH...

TOO...UNBELIEVABLY...

STRONG...

THE HERO IS LOST, ADRIFT IN THE SWIRLING BLACK STORMFRONTS OF PAIN. THE DRAGON ISN'T EVEN BREATHING HARD...

I BEAT HIM.

I BEAT HIM !!

MIKE! DON'T BE DEAD! MIKE !!

SEE HIM FROZEN IN VICTORY SEE THE PORTRAIT OF A MONSTER.

KID MIRACLEMAN. JOHNNY BATES. HE WAS HUMAN ONCE, BUT HE'S FORGOTTEN ALL THAT...

HE THOUGHT HE WAS BLOODY GREAT AND I BEAT HIM TO A WHIMPERING PULP !!

HE HAS FORGOTTEN THE CURIOUS HURTS AND JOYS OF HUMANITY. HE HAS FORGOTTEN THE WARMTH OF BODIES LOCKED IN LOVE, FORGOTTEN THE PAINFUL BEAUTY OF CHILDREN...

AND NOW I'M GOING TO FINISH HIM OFF! ME! HIS ADORING JUNIOR PROTÉGÉ! ME, KID MIRACLEM...

HE HAS FORGOTTEN THE PRIMAL TERROR THAT HIDES IN THE HEART OF THE LIGHTNING, OF THE THUNDER.

...AN.

HE SHOULD NOT HAVE FORGOTTEN THE THUNDER.

KHRRRAAAAKK

HE SAID "MIRACLEMAN" MY NAME. HIS MAGIC WORD. HE'S CHANGED.

HE'S CHANGED BACK TO HIS HUMAN FORM.

NO CHOICE. GOT TO KILL HIM. GOT TO KILL HIM BEFORE HE HAS A CHANCE TO SAY IT AGAIN AND CHANGE BACK. GOT TO...

M-MIRACLEMAN?

D-DON'T HIT ME. I DIDN'T D-DO IT. IT WAS HIM. IT WUH-WAS HIM...

NOT ME.

I COULDN'T SUH-STOP HIM. IT WAS HIM, MIRACLEMAN...

NOT ME. NOT ME.

OH SWEET JESUS...

HE JUST SAID MY NAME AND HE DIDN'T CHANGE BACK.
HE HASN'T ASSUMED HIS HUMAN FORM FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS. IT'S AS IF THE POWER BUILD-UP BEHIND THAT THUNDERFLASH HAS...BURNED HIM OUT SOMEHOW.

MIKE?

IS IT OVER? OH GOD, LOOK AT YOUR POOR, POOR FACE... WHERE'S... WHO'S THAT?

IT'S JONATHAN BATES, FORMER HEAD OF SUNBURST CYBERNETICS. IT'S HIM, LIZ.

BUT HE'S ONLY A CHILD. THIS IS MAD, MIKE...

HE WAS THIRTEEN WHEN HE DECIDED TO REMAIN A SUPERHUMAN FOREVER, LIZ. HE'S PICKING UP WHERE HE LEFT OFF...

HORRIBLE.

LIZ, WE BETTER GET OUT OF HERE. THE POLICE WILL SOON OVERCOME THEIR CAUTION AND ARRIVE ON THE SCENE...

COME ON...IT'LL BE COLD AND WET BUT I CAN CARRY YOU...

BUT WHAT ABOUT.

WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING FOR HIM, LIZ. NOT NOW. WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE HIM...

...JUST LEAVE HIM.

NOT ME...

SOON THE POLICE CARS ARRIVE, AND THEN THE AMBULANCE IS CALLED FOR THE UNIDENTIFIED JUVENILE SHOCK VICTIM FOUND AT THE HEART OF THE BATTLE ZONE...

AND SOMEWHERE A BLACK MAN IN A WHITE SUIT PICKS UP A TELEPHONE TO STILL IT'S INSISTENT RINGING. HE LISTENS. HIS NAME IS EVELYN CREAM.

AND AFTER A WHILE, HE SMILES, LIPS DRAWING BACK TO REVEAL NOT **TEETH**...

...BUT BRILLIANT, GLEAMING **SAPPHIRES**. THE DEVIL IS SMILING, AND HIS SMILE IS A TERRIBLE BLUE....

INTERLUDE

Pencils: ALAN DAVIS Inks: GARRY LEACH

ATTRITION:

THE MAN WITH THE SAPPHIRE TEETH LEAVES THE ROOM, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM, LEAVING SIR DENNIS ARCHER ALONE IN HIS PERSONAL DARKNESS.

IF ONLY HE HADN'T LET THE IMPS OUT OF THE BOTTLE. IF ONLY HE HADN'T LET THAT TREACHEROUS LITTLE FREAK BUILD HIS MONSTERS. IF ONLY THE PAST WOULD STAY DEAD.

HOW MANY TIMES DO YOU HAVE TO KILL A MONSTER BEFORE IT STAYS KILLED? HOW MANY TIMES DO YOU HAVE TO PAY FOR YOUR MISTAKES? HE'S KILLED THEM BEFORE. IN 1963...

HE REMEMBERS THE TIGHTNESS IN HIS GUT, THE SICKLY TENSION IN THE OPERATIONS ROOM. OCTOBER THE TWELFTH, 1963...

THE TARGETS ARE APPROACHING **DRAGONSLAYER**, SIR DENNIS. THREE BLIPS. WE'VE GOT 'EM.

VERY WELL...

DETONATE DRAGONSLAYER.

HE REMEMBERS HOW THE CENTRAL GREEN LIGHT FLARED ON THE SCREEN FOR AN INSTANT, HOW BY THE NEXT SWEEP OF THE RADAR IT HAD GONE. NO MORE BLIPS.

THEY'RE DEAD. THE MONSTERS ARE DEAD. PROJECT ZARATHUSTRA IS OFFICIALLY CLOSED GENTLEMEN.

CONTROLLER OF THE **SPOOKSHOW**. SIR DENNIS ARCHER, CONSIDERS THE GREY WORLD OF ESPIONAGE, IT'S PHANTOM COGS OILED BY DEATH.

HE IS THE MAN WHO TENDS THE MACHINE. BUT IT IS MEN LIKE EVELYN CREAM WHO PROVIDE THE LUBRICATION.

EVELYN CREAM WILL SANCTION THE MONSTER. THE DRAGON WILL BE SLAIN.

AGAIN.

EXCURSION:

WELL, WE'RE HERE. MAYDAY ON DARTMOOR. A ROMANTIC CHOICE FOR A DAY TRIP.

MIKE, YOU SAID YOU DIDN'T MIND. THESE TESTS ARE SOMETHING THAT WE HAVE TO **DO**...

YEAH, WELL, I SUPPOSE IT IS IMPORTANT. BUT I THINK YOU'RE OVER-REACTING. MOST OF THE HEADLINES WEREN'T SERIOUS. **THE SUN'S** HEADLINE WAS "**IS IT A BIRD, IS IT A PLANE?**"

RIGHT. AND IN **THE MAIL** THE HEADLINE WAS "**THEY PLAYED CATCH WITH MY BABY – MOTHER OF INJURED CHILD SPEAKS.**"

YOU REMEMBER, THAT POOR KID WHO HAD HIS RIBS BROKEN.

OH... YEAH... OKAY.

I SUPPOSE WE BETTER GET ON WITH IT THEN.

COVER YOUR EYES, LIZ.

KIMOTA.

MIRACLEMAN

BOOK ONE CHAPTER 7

"SECRET IDENTITY"

OWW. THESE BURNS ON MY FACE STILL HURT. I THOUGHT THEY MIGHT HAVE GONE AWAY DURING THE TWO MONTHS THAT I'VE BEEN MIKE MORAN.

THEY'RE HEALING INCREDIBLY FAST. YOU **KNOW** THEY ARE. JUST WAIT THERE A MOMENT WHILE I GET THE COMICS...

COMICS?

MMM. AMERICAN COMICS. I THOUGHT IF WE WERE GOING TO INVESTIGATE YOUR POWER I'D BETTER DO SOME **RESEARCH WORK**.

I HADN'T READ ANY BEFORE. WHEN I WAS A KID I HAD A GIRL'S COMIC..."SALLY" OR SOMETHING. SOME OF THIS STUFF'S BETTER THAN YOU'D EXPECT, BUT MOST OF IT'S CRAP.

OKAY. I'VE MADE A LIST I'LL CHECK OFF WHAT YOU CAN DO. YOU CAN FLY.

YES.

AND YOU'RE VERY STRONG AND NEARLY INVULNERABLE.

THAT'S RIGHT. LIZ, I FEEL STUPID.

SHUSH. YOU SAID YOU CAN'T SEE THROUGH WALLS. DO YOU HAVE SUPERBREATH?

SUPERBREATH?

REFLECTIONS :

NO CHANGE IN THE PATIENT, I SEE. ANY MORE LUCK FINDING OUT WHO HE IS?

NO. AND THE POLICE HAVEN'T DONE ANY BETTER. DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE HAD IN HIS POCKETS WHEN THEY BROUGHT HIM IN?

NO?

TWO THREE-PENNY BITS DATED 1958 AND 1960. AND A SET OF BUBBLE-GUM CARDS ISSUED IN 1963. NOTHING ELSE. IT'S ALL A BIT BIZARRE IF YOU ASK ME...

... AND IT'S CERTAINLY NO GOOD ASKING **HIM**...

"...HE'S IN A WORLD OF HIS OWN."

I WANT TO GO **HOME**. I SHOULDN'T BE IN HERE. I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING...

BATES, YOU'RE A SNOT-NOSED LITTLE PRATT. HAS ANYONE EVER TOLD YOU THAT?

I'M SICK OF HEARING YOUR "I DIDN'T DO IT." YOU'RE ME! YOU UNDERSTAND THAT, DON'T YOU? **YOU** ARE **ME**.

B-BUT I WOULDN'T HURT PEOPLE. I WOULDN'T **KILL** PEOPLE. IT WAS **YOU** WHO DID THAT. NOT ME.

SNOTTY LITTLE VIRGIN.

LITTLE JOHNNY BATES WOULDN'T KILL ANYONE BECAUSE LITTLE JOHNNY BATES IS A COWARDLY LITTLE PUDDLE OF PUKE!

BUT ONCE LITTLE JOHNNY BATES FINDS THE MAGIC WORD THAT PUTS HIM BEYOND PUNISHMENT, WHY, HE DOESN'T MIND KILLING PEOPLE AT ALL.

... AND NOW I'M TRAPPED IN THIS PUNY LITTLE PRE-PUBESCENT BODY IN A RANCID LITTLE NURSING HOME.

BECAUSE OF YOU. BECAUSE OF **MIRACLEMAN.**

HE JUST BETTER HOPE I NEVER GET OUT OF HERE. THAT'S ALL...

RING.

HE JUST BETTER HOPE I STAY IN HERE FOREVER.

INVESTIGATION:

FLIGHT. ESTIMATED SPEED OF AT LEAST MACH TWO. TOO FAST FOR STOPWATCH."

"STRONG."

" VERY, VERY STRONG. RIDICULOUSLY STRONG. CHRIST."

"INVULNERABLE."

YOU BELIEVE ME NOW, LIZ ? YOU SAID IT WASN'T POSSIBLE TO HAVE SKIN TOUGH ENOUGH TO RESIST TREATMENT LIKE THAT.

IT'S NOT. THAT ROCK HITTING YOU SHOULD HAVE DRIVEN YOUR FEET INTO THIS SOFT EARTH NO MATTER HOW STRONG YOUR SKIN IS. YOU'VE HARDLY LEFT A MARK.

NO. NOT STEEL SKIN. A FORCEFIELD, MAYBE. THAT WOULD EXPLAIN THAT TWINKLY 'TINKERBELL' EFFECT THAT YOU HAVE...

BUT YOU SAW ME THROW THAT ROCK INTO THE SKY. YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN STRENGTH LIKE THAT WITH A FORCEFIELD.

NO. AND YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN IT WITH MUSCLES LIKE A BALLET DANCER EITHER. YOU'RE WELL BUILT, BUT YOU'RE NOT ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER. TO DO THAT YOU'D NEED MUSCLES LIKE BEACHBALLS.

LIKE WRECKING BALLS.

STRONG

PEEP INTERVIEW

MAYBE IT'S ALL IN YOUR MIND, MIKE. THE POWER.

GOD KNOWS I WONDER IF IT'S ALL IN MY MIND OFTEN ENOUGH.

DEDUCTION:

THE TELEVISION BROADCAST SHOWED THE SUPERHUMAN BURSTING OUT OF LARKSMERE POWER STATION.
THEREFORE HE HAD TO HAVE BEEN INSIDE IT.

ONLY THE TERRORISTS AND THE PRESSMEN WERE IN THE STATION WHEN IT HAPPENED. AND ALL THE TERRORISTS ARE EITHER IN HOSPITAL OR POLICE CUSTODY NOW...

THEREFORE IT WAS ONE OF THE PRESSMEN. ONE OF THE PRESSMEN HAD TURNED INTO THE SUPERHUMAN.

THE ZARATHUSTRA FILE MADE IT CLEAR THAT SUCH A TRANS-FORMATION WAS POSSIBLE. BUT IT DIDN'T SAY WHO THE SUPER-HUMAN REALLY WAS.
THAT PIECE OF INFORMATION HAD VANISHED WITH THE PROJECT'S MYSTERIOUS FOUNDER WHEN HE FLED TO SOUTH AMERICA.

BUT IT WAS LOGICAL TO ASSUME THAT THE TRANSFORMATION FROM HUMAN TO SUPER-HUMAN REQUIRED A MASSIVE TRANSFERENCE OF ENERGY. PERHAPS LIGHT, HEAT, RADIATION...

MOST OF THE HOSPITALIZED TERRORISTS WERE SUFFERING FROM CONCUSSION WHEN THEY WERE ARRESTED. ONLY THE ONE NAMED STEVEN CAMBRIDGE WAS SUFFERING FROM BURNS.

AH. GOOD DAY. ANGELS OF MERCY.

I AM DR. CAUSLEY, THE BURNS SPECIALIST COME TO SEE MR. STEVEN CAMBRIDGE. MY PAPERS, DEAR LADY...

OH. OH YES. OF COURSE...

MR. CAMBRIDGE IS IN THE THIRD ROOM ON THE RIGHT. IT'S EMPTY APART FROM HIM. I'LL SEE YOU'RE NOT DISTURBED, DR. CAUSLEY.

TIC TAC TIC TAC TIC TAC

X-RAY

DID YOU SEE HIS TEETH? HE HAD BLUE TEETH.

X-RAY

ANNUNCIATION:

ALL RIGHT, THAT'S EVERYTHING BACK IN THE CAR. IF YOU'VE FINISHED WE CAN GO HOME.

OKAY.

I WAS JUST THINKING...ABOUT THE AGE GAP BETWEEN YOU AND MIRACLEMAN I THINK YOU AND MIRACLEMAN ARE TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE.

I THINK YOU HAVE TWO SEPERATE BODIES.

SAY THERE **ARE** TWO BODIES. SAY ONE EXISTS IN.. UH... 'REAL' TIME AND SPACE AND THE OTHER IS..: UH...SOMEWHERE ELSE, UNTIL YOU SAY YOUR MAGIC WORD AND MAKE THE SWITCHOVER...

MAYBE THE BODY THAT OCCUPIES REAL TIME IS THE ONLY ONE THAT **AGES**... THE HUMAN BODY IN YOUR CASE, THE SUPERHUMAN ONE IN THE CASE OF JOHNNY BATES.

DOES THAT MAKE SENSE ?

WELL, MAYBE. IT'S A BIT SCIENCE-FICTIONY. IT DOESN'T EXPLAIN HOW WE SHARE THE SAME MIND IF WE DON'T SHARE THE SAME BODY. ALTHOUGH...

IT ISN'T **EXACTLY** THE SAME MIND. HE'S CLEVERER THAN ME. DID I TELL YOU THAT? WE SHARE THE SAME MIND AND MEMORIES BUT HE'S CLEVERER THAN I AM.

HMMM.

MIKE?

YEAH?

I'VE MISSED MY LAST TWO PERIODS AND I'M GOING TO HAVE A BABY AND IT ISN'T YOURS IT'S MIRACLEMAN'S.

WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?

SANCTION:

TIC TAC TIC TAC

HUH? WHADDAYOU WANT, CHOCOLATE?

HELLO STEVE. I KNOW YOUCANT HEAR ME WITH YOUR BURST EARDRUMS. I'M EVELYN CREAM AND I'M HERE REPRESENTING THE SPOOK SHOW.

THE SPOOKSHOW? BUT THATS A SECRET SERVICE OPER... UH...

YOU'VE COME TO KILL ME, A'NT YOU?

NO STEVE. IF YOU ANSWER MY QUESTIONS I WONT KILL YOU.

YOU HAVE MY WORD ON THAT. HOW WERE YOU INJURED STEVE?

HOW WAS I ...? IT WAS THAT REPORTER BLOKE. THE ONE WHO WAS SICK.

I HAD TO TAKE HIM OUTSIDE. WE WERE IN THE CORRIDOR. AND I HEARD HIM SORT OF WHISPER SOMETHING, AND...

... AND THEN HE EXPLODED. THERE WAS THIS FLASH, LIKE, AND...

YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME.

I BELIEVE YOU STEVE. WHAT DID HE LOOK LIKE?

THE REPORTER?

HE WAS A SORT OF MIDDLE-AGED GUY.

FORTY-FIVISH.

BIG BLOKE. HAD A CREW-CUT.

LANDERS
LIPSCOMB
~~MALACEWIC~~
MORAN
ROBE
VERN
KEN
PAR
SAI

THANK YOU STEVE YOU'VE BEEN TERRIBLY HELPFUL OH... AND YOU REMEMBER HOW I PROMISED NOT TO KILL YOU?

YEAH?

I WAS LYING STEVE

TIC TAC TIC TAC TIC TAC

END OF CHAPTER 7

LIKE A KITE THAT HAS LOST ITS WAR WITH THE WIND I HANG CRUCIFIED UPON THE SKY...

SUSPENDED BETWEEN THE SOIL AND THE STARS, BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH, BETWEEN THE ANGELS AND THE APES.

THERE IS NO-ONE LIKE ME.

I'M MIRACLEMAN.

GRAVITY IS A SULLEN GIANT WHO SNATCHES IRRITABLY AT MY HEELS.

THE HURRICANE IS MY MISTRESS. I SLIDE MY BODY ACROSS HER ARCTIC VECTORS AND HER SIGH IS AN ECSTACY OF BIRDS.

HER NAILS RAKE MY BACK AND SHE HOWLS HER BITTERNESS, BEGGING ME TO STAY, PLEADING WITH ME TO DENY THE DARK AND JEALOUS PLANET THAT WAITS BELOW.

BUT I CAN'T. I CAN'T.

I CAN'T.

KIMOTA.

MIRACLEMAN

BOOK ONE CHAPTER 8

BLUE MURDER

I'M MICHAEL MORAN. I'M A FORTY TWO YEAR OLD MAN, I'M STANDING ON A ROOFTOP AND I FEEL STUPID. ALL MY LIFE I'VE FELT STUPID.

THERE ARE LOTS OF PEOPLE LIKE ME.

HI.

HI.

HOW ARE THINGS IN THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE THIS MORNING?

OKAY.

YOU FEEL ALRIGHT?

FINE.

Art: ALAN DAVIS COLORS: RON COURTNEY

I SUDDENLY THOUGHT OF SOMETHING WHEN YOU WERE OUT. YOU KNOW HOW YOUR MIRACLEMAN COSTUME GOT ALL TORN UP WHEN YOU WERE FIGHTING JOHNNY BATES?

WELL, NEXT TIME YOU CHANGED TO MIRACLEMAN IT WAS ALL IN ONE PIECE AGAIN AND WE NEVER EVEN NOTICED. ISN'T THAT STRANGE? SO ANYWAY, MY THEORY IS THAT...

LIZ...

LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT MIRACLEMAN THIS MORNING, EH? LET'S JUST HAVE BREAKFAST AND BE NORMAL PEOPLE THIS MORNING.

OKAY?

Mirror

FREE

IT'S THE BABY, ISN'T IT?

ISN'T WHAT THE BABY?

OH, GIVE ME A BREAK, MIKE, PLEASE. IT'S BEEN TWO MONTHS SINCE I TOLD YOU I WAS PREGNANT AND YOU'VE MAYBE SAID A DOZEN WORDS TO ME SINCE THEN.

WE'VE WANTED KIDS FOR YEARS AND NOT BEEN ABLE TO HAVE THEM. WHAT'S DIFFERENT NOW?

DIFFERENT? WHO SAID ANYTHING WAS DIFFERENT? YOU'RE HAVING A BABY? GREAT. THAT'S GREAT. WHY SHOULD I...

OH HELL.

DAILY Mirror

THURSDAY JULY 9, 1982

MIKE? MIKE, I'M SORRY... I DIDN'T MEAN...

IT'S NOT YOU, IT'S ME.

I JUST FEEL SO SCREWED UP ALL THE TIME. IT'S JUST ALL THIS STUFF THAT'S HAPPENING. AND THE BABY. IT'S JUST...

IT'S JUST THAT IT'S NOT MY BABY, IS IT? IT'S MIRACLEMAN'S.

I COULDN'T GIVE YOU A BABY, BUT ONE NIGHT WITH HIM AND... OH, CHRIST, LIZ. HE'S JUST SO MUCH BETTER THAN I AM. AT EVERYTHING.

MIKE, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? IT'S YOUR BABY. I MEAN, YOU'RE MIRACLEMAN, AREN'T YOU?

YES. NO. OH HELL, LIZ... I DON'T KNOW ANYMORE. HE THINKS SO DIFFERENTLY TO ME. HIS THOUGHTS ARE LIKE POETRY OR SOMETHING. AND HIS EMOTIONS...

HIS EMOTIONS ARE SO PURE. WHEN **HE** LOVES YOU IT'S GIGANTIC. HIS LOVE IS SO STRONG AND DIRECT AND CLEAN...

WHEN I LOVE YOU IT'S ALL TANGLED UP WITH WHO'S NOT DOING THEIR SHARE OF THE WASHING UP, AND TWISTED, NEUROTIC LITTLE THINGS LIKE THAT.

SOMETIMES I WANT TO BE HIM ALL THE TIME AND SOMETIMES I WISH HE'D JUST VANISH AND LEAVE US ALONE.

I'LL SORT IT OUT. JUST GIVE ME SOME SPACE, LIZ, AND I'LL SORT IT OUT.

HEY, LOOK. IT'S NEARLY NINE O'CLOCK. I SAID I'D CALL IN AT THE OFFICE BY TEN TO SEE WHAT WORK WAS GOING.

DON'T WORRY, LIZ. IT'LL ALL BE ALRIGHT. PROMISE.

I LOVE YOU, MIKE. I REALLY LOVE YOU.

AND I LOVE YOU, LIZ. AS WELL AS I'M ABLE.

LOOK, I'VE GOT TO GO...

YEAH. TAKE CARE, MIKE.

NO PROBLEM. I'M A SUPERHERO. NOTHING CAN HURT ME.

'BYE.

FIVE TO TEN.

DAILY RECORD

MORNING, MICK.

JULIE.

A *WHAT?* A *D-NOTICE?* OH, THAT'S BLOODY *GREAT.* THAT'S *JUST* WHAT I NEED.

NO, I KNOW IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT, OKAY, BRIAN. THANKS.

'BYE.

FEATURES EDITOR

HOW DO, MICK. TAKE A SEAT.

THANKS. WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT A D-NOTICE? SOMETHING ELSE ON THE FALKLANDS OR WHAT?

NER. IT'S THIS BLOODY MEN FROM MARS CRACK, THIS SUPERMAN THING.

THOSE TWO FREAKS WHO WERE SLUGGING IT OUT DOWN BY THE DOCKS LAST FEBRUARY, KNOCKING DOWN WALLS AND BREAKING KIDS' RIBS AND ALL THAT CRAP.

UH, YEAH. I READ ABOUT IT. SOUNDED A BIT UNLIKELY.

YEAH? WELL YOU WON'T BE READING ANY MORE ABOUT IT. CHRIST, I'D GOT SUCH A TERRIFIC ANGLE ON IT. YOU REMEMBER THAT POWER STATION THING? LARKSMERE?

WHERE PAUL GOT THAT PHOTO OF SOMEONE FLYING THROUGH THE ROOF? WELL, IT'S CONNECTED ISN'T IT? WITH THIS OTHER BUSINESS. HAS TO BE.

SO THERE WAS ME ALL SET TO RUN IT AS A FEATURE AND WHAT DO THE BLOODY GOVERNMENT DO? SLAP A BLOODY D-NOTICE ON IT. IT'S BLOODY PROFUMO ALL OVER A-BLOODY-GAIN.

UH, PETE? YOU SAID THERE MIGHT BE SOME WORK FOR ME IF I LOOKED IN THIS MORNING...

DID I? WELL, LOOK, I'M SORRY, MIKE, BUT IT'S A BIT THIN ON THE GROUND AT PRESENT. I'M HAVING TO GIVE ALL THE WORK TO THE STAFF PEOPLE.

GIVE IT A GO NEXT WEEK. OKAY?

TEN FIFTEEN.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

CHINK

DARREN, STOP IT!

1 2 3 4 5 7 8 9 10 11 12

I SAID **STOP** IT, DARREN, AND I **MEANT** IT.

HE WANTS HIS BOTTLE.

EVER SO SORRY, LOVE, BUT COULD YOU HOLD HIM WHILE I FISH IT OUT OF MY BAG?

UH, WELL, I'M NOT... UH, YEAH. YES, OF COURSE.

HELLO.

HELLO.

YOU'RE A BIG BOY, AREN'T YOU?

YOU'RE A BIG BOY.

MISTER MORAN?

YEAH?

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO CHANGE TO MIRACLEMAN WITHOUT ROASTING THAT INNOCENT LITTLE BABY THE WAY YOU ROASTED THAT TERRORIST?
WHUT
WHUTT
AND HE THINKS "I'M A SUPERHERO."
AND HE THINKS "NOTHING CAN HURT ME."
AND HE THINKS "WHAT A STUPID WAY TO DIE."
'MOO?
AND FINALLY: "WHY SAPPHIRE TEETH?"
TO BE CONTINUED?